

HEAVEN:—A VISION

By The General.



HAVE had another vision. I thought I was safe landed in Heaven, where I had settled down all at once, quite at my ease, everything appearing so familiar and home-like.

It was a lovely place, strongly resembling in many respects the fairest of the countries I have travelled over during my salvation campaigns down here, and yet as far beyond them in every form of beauty and every source of delight as can possibly be conceived.

The blue skies, the towering mountains, the green valleys, the shady groves, the luxuriant vineyards, the charming flowers, the flowing rivers—I did not observe any set—were all exquisitely beautiful beyond the power of language to describe. Then, in, about, and indeed everywhere, were the loveliest of birds and the most graceful of animals, and I know not what else.

I was enraptured with the scene. I was certainly a little surprised to find these living creatures here, having been always rather sceptical as to the resurrection of the animal world. There, however, they certainly were. Still, you must remember it was only a vision.

But it was the intelligent inhabitants of that beautiful country that interested me the most. It is true that they resembled more nearly, in appearance at least, the expectations I had formed respecting them than many other creatures I found in the celestial land, but, oh! how much more glorious they were than any you can get forth.

There were the angelic hosts, coming and going in procession up and down the golden streets, or clooding with their snowy pinions the skies overhead.

There were the blood-washed multitudes, busy about their respective duties, or wandering about the gardens, or reclining on the banks of the river, or worshipping before the Throne, or careering across the heavenly plains on their white horses.

There were the children of all ages, who had died in childhood growing up to perfect man and womanhood, surrounded by the sublime examples, and taught by the unerring direction of the glorified spirits around them; and then through all, and above all, and upon all, was the glorious overshadowing presence of Heaven's eternal King.

And yet, notwithstanding all this celestial grandeur and unsurpassable beauty, curious to say, I had not been in the City very long before I felt something painful, if I could use such a word in connection with such a home of delight—had happened, or was going to happen. A kind of sadness sat on every countenance; nay, it seemed to be round about everywhere like a depressing atmosphere. As I thought upon this contradictory state of things, I was filled with amazement as to what it could mean.

The mystery was soon explained, for while I mused a scene, strange to me, and passing strange to Heaven itself, was enacted before my astonished gaze.

A solemn assembly had been called of all the ransomed men and women who had already entered the celestial kingdom. It was to take place in the great council chamber of the Holy City, which consisted of a vast amphitheatre surrounded by mountains, and capable of holding countless millions of the glorified hosts.

The saints assembled in the centre of the great arena, while the angels were seated tier above tier on the sides of the surrounding heights, all alike waiting with undivided interest the revelation for which they had been called together, and of the nature of which they had already received some intimation.

And then my Lord—my Saviour Lord—came forth and stood revealed before those millions of wondering and adoring eyes.

I cannot describe Him.

I have all through my life in this lower world felt a strange revulsion to every effort that has attempted to delineate His sacred person as it appeared during the days of His humiliation on the ground of the difficulty of the task. How much more impossible would it be to present any adequate picture of our Saviour Lord, enthroned and crowned with the glory of His Father in His celestial home! I won't attempt the impossible task.

The occasion for which the Lord of Life and Glory had assembled this remarkable gathering was to make a communication and to prefer a request. I can only refer to them. Amid the profoundest hush the Blessed Saviour spoke His message. It may be summarized as follows:

"The great object for which His life on earth has been given was in this difficulty. The world had grown worse and worse. The ignorance, the vice, the cruelties, the wars, the unbelief, the hypocrisies, the cold formalism, and ten thousand other evils had swelled to such proportions as to pain Him to the heart, and com-

pel Him to make one more desperate effort for their overthrow and for the salvation of the world.

In trying to stamp out the rebellion against His Heavenly Father, and stem the rising tide of iniquity, His brave warriors had been so seriously outnumbered, out-manoeuvred, and over-come in the conflict that reinforcements on a large scale had become absolutely necessary, and must be had, if His armies were not to be beaten and routed, and driven from the field.

"Therefore, to help His struggling forces He had resolved to send to their assistance a million of the inhabitants of Heaven, selected from the multitudes who had already fought below.

"Once more they would have to be clothed in flesh and blood, to endure humiliation, hardship, and contempt. Nay, in view of all the possibilities of the conflict, they must have the onset embrace lives of persecution, and be prepared to suffer stripes and imprisonments, if not death itself."

Then, standing up, and showing the marks of His passion, He pleaded for reinforcements on these lines, proposing to the glorified host before Him the question, "Who will go?"

This thrilling announcement, I need not say, was listened to in silence, and with breathless attention; but the moment He ceased speaking a scene followed which will never be erased from my mind.

The whole multitude, with a shout like the roar of many waters, rose up and, with burning eagerness, volunteered for the fight.

And then a signal from the Master again secured the most perfect silence, while a wave of His sacred hand made the selection, and the million spirits required for the holy enterprise, at the invitation of their Lord, stood forth, the envy and admiration of every being present, while acclamations from the enraptured angels rent the celestial sky.

Another pause ensued, and then the Master made another statement, and preferred a further request:

"The warriors were ready," He said, "They would be on the field of conflict right away, and would, He had never a doubt, acquit themselves worthy of their mission."

"But they were going forth under human conditions, and supplies necessary for their outfit and maintenance during the fight would be required."

"You," He said, with inimitable force and sweetness, "will remain behind under this blue canopy in the company of my precious comrades, possessed of all the joys of duty, and love, and worship; but these," pointing to the chosen band, "will be engaged in heart-breaking toils and sufferings in yonder world of misery." And then He asked the question, "Who will sympathize with them in their undertaking, and pray for their success; and who, out of their celestial possessions, will contribute generously to their support?"

The scene that followed is beyond my powers of description. For here the vision became suddenly clouded, and what I saw I saw only imperfectly, while innumerable sounds, strange, though harmonious, arose in all directions. As I listened I fancied that I heard the voices of men, women, and children—for the children were there—all crying out in glorious confusion. One was saying: "Allow me the high privilege of helping my Lord in this heavenly warfare;" and another: "Take all I have, dear Saviour, to assist my brave comrades;" while another was crying: "Let me go with these blessed volunteers, and work for them, beg for them, or in some way minister to their needs."

At this point, however, the vision became still more indistinct, and gradually faded away altogether. As the last glimpse of the glorious scene disappeared from my eyes, a loud song of praise burst upon my ears, in which saints and angels appeared to unite. And the burden of their song was "Glory and praise and honour to our Saviour Lord for the million spirits He has chosen for this grand enterprise, and for the provision of a million times more than is required for the supplying of their every need!"

Comrades, I leave my vision with you.

You will see its application without any explanation on my part. The Salvation Army is fighting for God and the rescue of the human race from sin and misery and hell on innumerable battlefields. My Lord has as surely selected, and anointed, and dispatched this army of warriors as though the whole business had been transacted in the council chamber of the skies, after the fashion set forth in my vision.

They are making a noble stand in the face of unnumbered difficulties and countless foes. Their trials are many, and some of them hard to be borne; but they are fighting a good fight. I know them well. They are worthy of being assisted generously.

My Saviour asks that it shall be so. Will you not, dear reader, give them your hearty support?



OUR SERIAL STORY BREWERY BROWN Ex-Pagilist and Boozier.

CHAPTER XXVII. SEEKING FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

HE blessing that came to Brown at the Army Penitential-Farm on that memorable night when he was stopped by God on the very brink of a sliding, was a lasting one. Thereafter he could sing in perfect sincerity and with deep gratitude—

"Thy blood doth cleanse and make me whole,
Thy perfect love fills all my soul;
I believe, I believe!"

He found now that he could love even those who despitely used him and persecuted him, and the winning of souls became more and more his chief object in life. Trials and disappointments still came, but instead of worrying over them, he took them to the Lord in prayer, and thus they served to draw him nearer and nearer to God.

His attention was not now solely centered on his own condition of soul, and he therefore was at liberty to care for the needs of others. Day by day he seemed to realize more vividly the terrible condition of the unsaved multitudes around him, and he felt impelled to lift up his voice in warning. At his work, on the street, or at the car, therefore, he ceased not to speak to people about their souls' welfare.

About the year 1903 he became possessed with the idea that he ought to emigrate to Canada. He made it a matter of prayer, and his convictions on the subject deepened. Times were hard in England for him, and besides that he had a growing family of girls and boys whom he wanted to have better opportunities than he had had. Canada seemed to him a veritable Land of Promise, a paradise for workmen, and so he finally decided that he would go. For two years he saved every penny he could, and at last had enough to pay the fares of himself and family as far as Toronto.

On June 22nd, 1905, the Brown family could have been seen there standing on the deck of an ocean liner as she slipped down the Mersey towards the sea.

As Brown watched the shores of Old England fading in the distance, he said to his wife:

"There's the last of the Old Land misus. And now, God helping me, I'll start a new brand new loaf in my life-look and keep it clear from all references to the past. We're going to a new land, where we can meet new strangers, and there's no need of raking up any more old those old events which only bring pain to you and me."

"And to this Mrs. Brown heartily agreed. But it was not to be so. Arriving in Toronto on July 2nd, Brown found that he had no work for him. He had made up his mind to tackle the first job that came his way, so he did not have a very long search. Before long the Browns were comfortably settled down in Toronto,

and thought it a very fine city indeed.

Brown was quick to perceive his opportunities in Canada, and, after a while he decided to purchase a piece of land and build a house for himself. He would not have dreamt of doing such a thing in England. But here, however, he felt as if a new spirit came over him, and observing that workmen in similar positions to himself were becoming owners of land and houses, he was fired with the ambition to "dwell under his own vine and fig tree" also. So, with the aid of his sons and a son-in-law, he erected a substantial dwelling. He was his own architect, the plan of the house he intended to build was revealed to him in a dream one night. Immediately on waking he secured pencil and paper, and sat down to draw out the plans. The finished product is a credit to his industry and adaptability.

But Brown soon saw the dan-



"There's the last of the Old Land, Misus!"

ger there was of all this material prosperity dampening his ardent for souls. "The words of the Army chorus—

"I'll not go singing to the skies,
Or living at my ease,
While others miss the heavenly prize."

And the words of his own song—
"Taint no use, misus," he declared one day. "I can't keep on like this. I've got to do some public work for God and the Army."

"That means I suppose that you'll travel round everywhere talking about the old life?" said his wife.

"Yes," said Brown. "I suppose it does, but no Salvationist can hide his light under a bushel and prosper in his soul. And as Brown was virtually forced out of the position he had taken up at first, feeling like Paul, "wee is me if I preach not the Gospel."

And the preaching of the Gospel was impossible to Brown without relating its power on himself.

When it became known what

an acceptable "Special" he was, calls for his services began to pour in upon him, and he travelled far and wide throughout Ontario, conducting campaigns for souls.

What he prefers to style himself is a "workman evangelist," and truly the description fits him. After telling hard all the week, he thinks nothing of travelling a hundred or more miles to an appointment. Then after a heavy week, he returns to his toil early on Monday morning to commence another week's round.

And because he has thus put the interests of the Kingdom of God first it has happened to him according as the Psalmist said of the righteous in general: "Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." Brown has prospered greatly during the seven years he has been in Canada. Now, in addition to his Toronto property, he owns a nice little farm at Oshawa, where he grows fruit and has a goodly stock of cows, pigs, horses, and chickens. He has the satisfaction of seeing all his children following in his footsteps.

Charlie, the eldest boy, with whom our readers became acquainted in previous chapters is now the drummer of the Oshawa Band. The eldest girl is today the wife of Colour-Sergeant

A WORKER INDEED

What Sister Mrs. Ward of London I. is Doing.

The frontispiece of a recent "War Cry" depicting two Officers trying to lift the Corps while the Soldiers looked on, may have the



P. S. M. Mrs. Ward of London I. Who collected \$100 for the Last Self-Denial Effort.

off" the situation in some Corps today very aptly, but we are pleased to say, Mr. Editor, this is NOT the condition of Officers in London, for we have as energetic and zealous a band of Local Officers, Soldiers, and Bandmen as can be found throughout the length and breadth of our fair Dominion. We proved this in our recent Self-Denial Effort, which seemed to almost go to the hearts of many of the comrades take hold of it. Among the many faithful workers in the Corps none excelled our friend and comrade, Publication Sergeant Mrs. Ward, who has again waxed valiant in the fight and surpassing all her previous efforts, collected the magnificent sum of \$100 toward the Corps' target, in addition to doing her usual round of 375 War Cry's each week.

Time has dealt so kindly with our dear comrade that she still retains a great deal of her youth. It is easy to see, and we leave some of the young folk a good way behind in the race.

Mrs. Ward is one of the best known women in London, and is highly respected by a wide range of friends for her work's sake. To the Officers as they come and go she is a splendid help and a great deal of comfort. She is always ready and helping to lift instead of dragging on behind. May God continue to bless her, and may she long be spared to help "the old chariot along" in London.

GREAT WEEK-END AT CHATHAM

Brewer Brown's Visit—Officers Farewell.

The visit of Ensign Brewer Brown to Chatham and farewell of Adjutant and Mrs. Brown the chief event of the greatest week-end for months in this town. Crowds in the open air were most interested and enthusiastic. There was great excitement when the "Ensign" appeared in rags. The street was blocked on Saturday night. Grand Park meetings on Sunday afternoon, a large crowd was present, and gave cheer and respectful attention. Six souls took at the Cross for Holiness, and three for the Lord. Eight soldiers were enrolled on Sunday night. Income, \$32. Chatham is all right—F. Knight.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS

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ANOTHER AIRSHIP RECORD.

Each week brings more news of development of the airship. Man is learning to fly with increasing speed and his flights are of longer duration. Recently Count Zeppelin's airship, Victoria Louise, made a continuous 12-hour trip of 350 miles. She started from Düsseldorf with 23 passengers, crossed Holland, passing over Amsterdam, skirted the Netherlands, and the coast of Heligoland, and went on the Elbe, where she saluted the Kaiser. She stopped at Hamburg. This is a German record for speed and distance, in a dirigible.

THE LAST OF THE CONVICT SHIPS.

An interesting relic of the old English overseas penal system will shortly be seen in New York. This is the convict ship "Ganges," which has been on exhibition for several years in British ports. Built in 1790, at Monim, Burma, she is now the latest sailing ship afloat. For many years she was employed in carrying convicts to Australia. The cells in which these unhappy prisoners were confined may still be seen on the ship. Among them is Harry Power, a noted bushranger, who served seven years in the gloomy lower deck, and afterwards became a guide to visitors on the ship. There may also be seen the "six men of Dorset," who formed an agricultural labourers' union with the object of securing an increase of its, per week wages.

Three Heads in the Mediterranean.

The Prime Minister and the First Lord of the Admiralty met the Consul-General of Egypt at Malta last week, and the result of this meeting of important heads is an early look forward to by students of current history.

CHINESE LOAN.

The six great powers have decided to lend China three hundred million dollars, thus making the first step in the re-organization of the Empire. The official statement points out that China lacks the funds to carry out her various reforms, and that the loan is to be repaid by advances against the proceeds of the loan. The loan is to be repaid by advances against the proceeds of the loan.

MAKING THE DESERT FRUITFUL.

The ancient region of Mesopotamia is now coming under the transforming hand of the modern scientific engineer, and the works that are projected will outclass even the marvels of Nebuchadnezzar's wonderful reign. A railway from Bagdad to the Persian Gulf is something that will quite put the Babylonian monarch's hanging gardens in the shade, as regards practical utility.

Meanwhile the world's greatest water engineering system is being developed, that is to make Mesopotamia blossom as the rose once more. Sir William Willcocks and Sir John Jackson, England's foremost engineers, have the work in hand.

WAR REALLY IS.

A great deal is heard nowadays of civilized warfare. It is a notion, however, whether war is considered "civilized" or "uncivilized" is not worth the trouble of thinking about. There is no such thing as civilized war. True, the millions of Christian people to be killed and wounded in the war of war's victims, but not can really be seen in the horror of a vivid picture of war as seen by Robert Burdette in Sunday School Times. He says: "War destroys everything. It smashes against a tree to the slight injury complete destruction. If the soldier's over a burden, he falls down it. He is wounded before he throws it. The overturned cannon is broken; the broken-down horse is left to die in the agony—there isn't even a shot him. The injured soldier is wounded leg that would have saved at home is amputated with haste. War can't even spare of its heroes properly. The terror of defeat is the left meaning on the field of mercy of the night, the and the enemy." The hos-



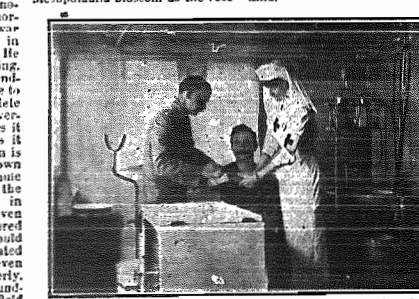
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Great irrigation canals connecting the Jezair region with both the Tigris and the Euphrates will open up an immense area to fruitful cultivation.

All these works involve "big thinking" of a truly imperial kind.



The Duchess of Aosta Tending Wounded Soldiers on Board the Hospital ship, "Ment".

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HONOUR IN ADVERTISING.

For too long have the public been familiar with misrepresentation in the advertising of goods. It is encouraging to note therefore that a new standard is being set up by business firms. Instead of using the usual trade names and marks, one firm has adopted the plan of marking such goods in terms that cannot be misunderstood. Thus Frank reference is made to "Hudson seal" as French-dyed muskrat, "French seal" as coney, and "Ankush shio" as plain skunk.

Our recent advertisement of the special sale of men's silk hose. A large quantity was sold at an attractive price. Shortly, complaining came in that the goods were not as good as the firm had advertised. The firm was big enough to admit that it had made a mistake in purchasing, and realized that the confidence of the public must be preserved. Such a policy is representative of the modern business house that is making the term "satisfaction" something more than a mere formula.

Salvation Songs.

HOLINESS.

TUNE.—I Bring My All, 38; Song-Book, 418.

1 Off have I heard Thy tender voice

Calling, dear Lord, to me;

Asking a quick, yet lasting choice,

Twixt worldly joys and Thee;

Stirring my heart's deep fountain springs,

Breaking the barriers down,

Bidding me rise on faith's strong wings,

Crying, "No cross, no crown!"

Chorus:

I bring my all to Thee, dear Lord.

And yet, alas! a storm-tossed sea

Of care, and doubt, and fear

Still parts me, Saviour, Lord,

From Thee.

Although Thou art so near.

Oh, speak again, and bid me come,

From every fear set free,

Over the self, and sin, and storm,

Over the waves to Thee.

Tune.—"With the Conquering Son," 108.

2 We are sweeping through the land

With the sword of God in hand;

We are watching and we're praying

While we fight;

On the wings of love we'll fly

To the souls about to die,

And well force them to behold

The precious light.

Chorus:

With the conquering Son of God,

Who has washed us in His Blood,

Dangers braving, sinners saving,

We are sweeping through the land.

Oh, the blessed Lord of light,

We will serve Him with our might,

And His arm shall bring salvation

To the poor;

They shall lean upon His breast,

Know the sweetness of His rest.

Oh His pardon He the vilest will

Assure.

PRaise AND TESTIMONY.

Tunes.—Shall We Gather? 155;

Song-Book, 318.

3 Yes, there flows a wondrous river,

That can make the foulest clean;

To the soul it is the giver

Of the freedom from all sin.

Chorus:

Round us flows the cleansing river,

All who seek this cleansing river

Have their deepest need supplied,

From all stains its waves deliver,

To the soul when they're applied.

Have you proved this precious river,

Perfect cleansing gaining there,

Loosing burdens that need never

Rise again to bring you care?

Tunes.—Glory, Jesus Saves, 143;

Song-Book, 338.

4 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,

Tune my soul to sing Thy

Then most joyful, sweeter, cease

Songsters, all together

Items by memory, or cease

were given up for their cause.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

Assisted by Lieut.-Colonel Rees,
will conduct

The Wedding Ceremony of CAPTAIN L. REES (of Territorial Headquarters) and CAPTAIN WATKINSON (of Montreal Men's Social)

In the TEMPLE on WEDNESDAY, JULY 3rd., at 8 p.m.
The Territorial Staff Band and the Temple Band will play.
Silver collection.

Chorus:

Here I raise my Ebenezer;

Hither by Thy help I'm come;

And I hope, by Thy good pleas-

ure,

Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,

Wandering from the fold of

God;

He to rescue me from danger,

Interposed His precious blood.

SALVATION.

Tune.—"Marching Through Georgia," 260.

5 Shout aloud salvation, and

we'll have another song,

Sing it with a spirit that will

start the world along;

Sing it as our comrades sang it

many thousand strong,

As they were "marching to

glory.

Chorus:

March on, march on!

How the anxious shout it when

they hear the joyful sound!

How the weakest conquer when

the Saviour they have found!

How our grand battalions with

conquering power abound,

As we go marching to glory.

Yes, and there are Christian men

that weep with joyful tears

When our Saviour's honored as

He has not been for years;

And a full salvation drives away

their doubts and fears,

As we go marching to glory.

Tunes.—Behold the Lamb, 122;

Song-Book No. 13.

6 Behold! behold the Lamb of

God,

On the cross;

For us He shed His precious

blood,

On the cross;

Oh, hear His all-important cry,

"Why perish, blood-bought sin-

ner, why!"

Draw near and see your Saviour

die,

On the cross;

Behold His arms extended wide,

On the cross;

Behold His bleeding hands and

side,

On the cross;

The sun withhold his rays of

light,

The heavens are clothed in

shades of night,

While Jesus does with devils

fight,

On the cross;

Come, sinners, see Him lifted up,

On the cross;

He drink for you the bitter cup,

On the cross;

The rocks do rend, the mountains

shake,

While Jesus doth salvation make,

While Jesus suffers for our sake,

On the cross;

On the cross;

"JACK THE DEVIL."

How He Got Converted.

In 1900 I was a wild and reck-

less young fellow, and left home

to go and fight in the Boer War

on leaving Southampton, I was

given a Bible by a lady, who ac-

companied her gift with these

words: "This is a faithful sav-

ing, and worthy of all accep-

tation, that Christ Jesus came into

the world to save sinners."

The words stuck to me. The

Bible was put away on board

I had very little chance of seeing

much of my Bible. But while

lying on the ground at night,

with the white moon shining

down upon me, or in the heat of

battle, the words often came with

surprising force.

On the 31st of January, 1901, a

dear Christian comrade, was

morally wounded. He called me

to him, and amidst the ringing of

the flying bullets, and the shriek-

ing of the shells as they hurtled

through the air, he said to me

with a sinking voice and the pal-

lor of death spreading over his

face: "Jack, Jack, why don't

you get converted; it is beauti-

ful to die in Christ!" and then he,

too, repeated those words, "This

is a faithful saying, and worthy of

all acceptance, that Christ Jesus

came into the world to save sin-

ners."

Again did God speak to my

heart, but I was rebellious and

hardened my heart to such an

extent that I was nicknamed

"Jack the Devil."

Some time afterwards my

trunk was moved in Rinesfontein

where, on the 1st of February,

1903, I strolled into The Salvation

Army Hall, and went home deep-

ly convicted of my need of Salva-

tion. On February 6th I again

went to the Army, and, to my

surprise, the Officer spoke from

the words: "This is a faithful

saying, and worthy of all ac-

ception, that Christ Jesus came

into the world to save sinners."

That night I gave God my

heart, and as I write am rejoicing

in the God of my Salvation.

WHY PEOPLE FAIL IN BUSINESS.

There were 12,618 business

failures in the United States last

year, according to the report of

Bradstreet's. The foremost

cause appears to be "lack of cap-

ital." The percentages due to the

various causes are as follows:

Lack of capital, 34; Incompet-

ence, 27.0; specific conditions,

10.9; fraud, 10.8; inexperience,

4.1; competition, 2.9; neglect, 2.2;

unwise credits, 2.0; failures of

others, 1.3; extravagance, .9;

speculation, .7.

It is significant that the factor

of second importance in contrib-

uting to failures last year was

incompetence. This should

cause business men to satisfy

themselves upon two points.

One, that they have sufficient cap-

ital to carry out their plans, and

two, that they employ experi-

enced and efficient managers.

LIEUT. COL. and MRS. CHANDLER

Temple, July 1.

Légar Street, July 7.

MAJOR TAYLOR.

St. Stephen, N.B., July 7.

Woodstock, July 8 and 9.

Fredericton, July 19.

MAJOR FRANK MORRIS

Pt. Huron (Mich.), July 6 and 7.

St. 5, Petrolia, and 6 and 7.

Accompanied by Owen Sound

Band.

MAJOR MCLEAN

Red Deer, July 6 and 7.

Calgary, July 8 and 9.

Medicine Hat, July 10 and 11.

Moose Jaw, July 12 and 13.

Weyburn, July 13 and 14.

Estevan, July 15.

MAJOR FINDLAY

Winnipeg No. 111, July 7.

STAFF-CAPTAIN SINS

Dovercourt, July 7.

Lindsay, July 13 and 14.

ENVOY BREWER BROWN

Sault Ste. Marie, July 27 to 11.

Dennville, July 27 and 28.

THE TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND.

Pictou, July 6 and 7.

THE PETERBORO BAND

Accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel

and Mrs. Chandler, will visit

FENELON FALLS ON AUG. 10-11.

We Miss You.

INFORMATION URGENTLY WANTED

Parents, Relatives and Friends.

We will search for missing persons in

far and near, the globe, and all

in any part of the globe, and all

in any part of the globe, and all

in any part of the globe, and all

in any part of the globe, and all

in any part of the globe, and all

in any part of the globe, and all

in any part of the globe, and all

in any part of the globe, and all

in any part of the globe, and all